

THE
DEVIL to PAY;
OR, THE
Wives Metamorphos'd.
AN
OPERA.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRES-ROYAL, in
LONDON and *DUBLIN*.

Coffey

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora ————— OVID.

THE EIGHTH EDITION.

D U B L I N :
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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir *John Loverule*, an honest Country Gentleman, belov'd for his Hospitality. } Mr. *Sheridan*.

Butler, }
Cook, } Servants to } Mr. *F. Elrington*,
Footman, } Sir *John*. } Mr. *Reynolds*,
Coachman, } } Mr. *Hamilton*,
} } Mr. *Alcorn*.

Jobson, a Psalm-singing Cobler, Tenant to Sir *John*. } Mr. *Layfield*.

Doctor

Mr. *Dash*.

W O M E N.

Lady *Loverule*, Wife to Sir *John*, a proud, canting brawling fanatick Shrew. } Mrs. *Lyddel*.

Lucy, } Her Maids. } Mrs. *Hamilton*,
Lettice, } } Mrs. *Shane*.

Nell, *Jobson's* Wife, an innocent Country Girl. } Mrs. *Reynolds*.

Gentlemen, Tenants, Servants, Dancers, &c.

S C E N E, a Country Village.

T H E



THE
DEVIL to PAY;
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SCENE I. *The Cobler's House.*

Jobson and Nell.

NELL.

PR'ythee, good *Jobson*, stay with me To-night,
and, for once, make merry at home.

Job. Peace, peace, you Jade, and go spin;
for if I lack any Thread for my Sticking, I will punish
you by virtue of my sovereign Authority.

Nell. Ay, marry, no doubt of that; whilst you take
your Swing at the Ale-house, spend your Substance,
get drunk as a Beast, then come home like a Sot, and
use one like a Dog.

Job. Nounz! do you prate? Why, how now, Bra-
zenface, do you speak ill of the Government? Don't

you know, Hussy, that I am King in my own House, and that this is Treason against my Majesty.

Nell. Did ever one hear such Stuff? But I pray you now, *Jobson*, don't go to the Ale-house to-night.

Job. Well, I'll humour you for once, but don't grow too faucy upon't; for I am invited by Sir *John Loverule's* Butler, and am to be princely drunk with Punch at the Hall-Place; we shall have a Bowl large enough to swim in.

Nell. But they say, Husband, the new Lady will not suffer a Stranger to enter her Doors; she grudges even a Draught of small Beer to her own Servants; and several of the Tenants have come home with broken Heads from her Ladyship's own Hands, only for smelling strong Beer in her House.

Job. A Pox on her, for a fanatical Jade! She has almost distracted the good Knight: But she's now abroad, feasting with her Relations, and will scarce come home To-night; and we are to have much Drink, a Fiddle, and merry Gambols.

Nell. O dear Husband! let me go with you, we'll be as merry as the Night's long.

Job. Why, how now, you bold Baggage? wou'd you be carry'd to a Company of smooth-fac'd, eating, drinking, lazy serving Men; no, no, you Jade, I'll not be a Cuckold.

Nell. I am sure they would make me welcome; you promis'd I shou'd see the House, and the Family has not been here before, since you marry'd and brought me home.

Job. Why, thou most audacious Strumpet, dar'st thou dispute with me, thy Lord and Master? Get in and spin, or else my Strap shall wind about thy Ribs most confoundedly.

A I R I. The Twitcher.

*He that has the best Wife
She's the Plague of his Life;
But for her that will scold and will quarrel,*

Let

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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*Let him cut her off short
Of her Meat and her Sport,
And ten Times a Day hoop her Barrel, brave Boys,
And ten Times a Day, hoop her Barrel.*

Nell. Well, we poor Women must always be Slaves,
and never have any Joy ; but you, Men, run and ram-
ble at your Pleasure.

A I R II. *Fie, nay, pr'ythee John.*

*'Tis, I vow and swear,
Very cruel, Dear,
That I must not be allow'd to talk ;
Hence, I say, get in
To thy Wheel, and spin,
Lest on your Back my Strap should walk.*

Nell. Well, since I must, I will be gone ;
Go, go, you are a naughty Man ;
Be sure get drunk then, if you can,
Reel home to Nell.

Job. You surly Jade, by Yea and Nay,
If here you any longer stay,
Or dare dispute my sovereign Sawz,
I'll strap you well.

Why, you most pestilent Baggage, will you be hoop'd ?
Be gone

Nell. I must obey.

(*Going.*)

Job. Stay ! now I think on't, here's Six pence for
you, get Ale and Apples, stretch and puff thyself up
with Lamb's Wool, rejoice and revel by thyself, be
drunk and wallow in thy own Sty, like a grumbling
Sow as thou art.

He that has the best Wife,

She's the Plague of his Life, &c. (Exit.)

SCENE

S C E N E II. *Sir John's.*

Butler, Cook, Footman, Coachman, Lucy, Lettice,
&c.

But. I would the blind Fiddler and our dancing Neighbours were here, that we might rejoice a little, while our termagant Lady is abroad? I have made a most sovereign Bowl of Punch.

Lucy. We had need rejoice sometimes, for our devilish new Lady will never suffer it in her hearing.

But. I will maintain, there is more Mirth in a Galley, than in our Family; Our Master, indeed, is the worthiest Gentleman ——— nothing but Sweetness and Liberality.

Foot. But here's a house turned topsy turvy, from Heaven to Hell, since she came hither.

Lucy. His former Lady was all Virtue and Mildness.

But. Ay, rest her Soul, she was so; but this is inspir'd with a Legion of Devils, who made her lay about her like a Fury.

A I R III. Under the Greenwood Tree.

*Of all the Plagues of human Life,
 A Shrew is sure the worst;
 Scarce one in ten that takes a Wife,
 But with a Shrew is curst.
 Since then the Plague in Marriage lies,
 Who'd rush upon his Fate?
 When he for Freedom, Bondage buys,
 And still repents too late.*

Lucy. I am sure I always feel her in my Bones; if her Complexion don't please her, or she looks yellow in a Morning, I am sure to look black and blue for it before Night.

Cook. Pox on her! I dare not come within her reach. I have some six broken Heads already.

Lady

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Lady, quotha! a She Bear is a civiler Animal.

Foot. Heaven help my poor Master! this devilish Termagant scolding Woman will be the Death of him; I never saw a Man so altered all the Days of my Life.

Cook. There's a perpetual Motion in that Tongue of her's, and a damn'd shrill Pipe, enough to break the Drum of a Man's Ear.

Enter blind Fidler, Jobson, and Neighbours.

But. Welcome, welcome all; this is our Wish. Ionest old Acquaintance, Goodman *Jobson*! how do'st thou?

Job. By my Troth, I am always sharp set towards unch, and, am now come with a firm Resolution, tho' but a poor Cobler, to be as richly drunk as a Lord; I am a true *English* Heart, and look upon Drunkenness the best Part of the Liberty of the subject.

Lucy. Why did you not bring your Wife with you?

Job. Because here are Wags, very Wags, young risk Rogues, and a Man may be a Cuckold before the King's Health can go round.

A I R IV. *Charles of Sweden.*

*Come jolly Bacchus, God of Wine,
Crown this Night with Pleasure;
Let none at Cares of Life repine,
To destroy our Pleasure.*

*ho. Fill up the mighty sparkling Bowl,
That every true and loyal Soul
May drink and sing without controul,
To support our Pleasure.*

*Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian to our Pleasure.
That under thy Protection we
May enjoy new Pleasure;*

And

The Devil to Pay ; Or,

*And as thy Hours glide away,
We'll in thy Name invoke their Stay,
And sing thy Praises, that we may
Live and die with Pleasure.*

But. Here's our Master's Health in a Bumper
Huzza ———

Lucy. Our Lady's Confusion in another. Huzza —

But. The King, and all the Royal Family, in
Brimmer ——— Down upon your Knees, you Rogues.

Enter Sir John, and Lady.

Lady. O Heaven and Earth ! What's here within n
Doors ? Is Hell broke loose ? What Troops of Fien
are here ? Sirrah, you impudent Rascal, speak.

Sir John. For shame, my Dear — As this is a Tim
of Mirth and Jollity, it has always been the Custo
of my House, to give my Servants Liberty in this Se
son, and to treat my Country Neighbours, that w
innocent Sports they may divert themselves.

Lady. I say meddle with your own Affairs ; I wa
govern my own House without your putting in an O
Shall I ask leave to correct my own Servants ?

Sir John. I thought, Madam, this had been
House, and these my Tenants and Servants ?

Lady. Did I bring a Fortune to be thus abus'd a
snubb'd before People ? Do you call my Authority
question, ungrateful Man ? Look ye to your Dogs
Horses abroad, but it shall be my province to gov
here ; nor will I be controul'd by e'er a hunt
hawking Knight in *Christendom*.

Sir John. This is to be marry'd to a continual T
pest ; Strife and Noise, Canting and Hypocrisy, a
ternally afloat ——— 'Tis impossible to bear it lo

Lady. Ye filthy Scoundrels, and odious Jades,
teach you to junket thus ; and steal my Provisions
shall be devoured at this Rate.

But. I thought, Madam, we might be merry
upon a Holiday.

Lady. Holiday, you Popish Cur! Is one Day more holy than another? and if it be, you'll be sure to get drunk upon it, you Rogue (*beats him*) You Minx, you impudent Flirt, are you jigging it after an abominable Fiddle? all Dancing is whorish, Hussy.

(*Lugs her by the Ears.*)

Lucy. O Lud! she has pull'd off both my Ears.

Sir John. Pray, Madam, consider your Sex and Quality; I blush for your Behaviour.

Lady. Consider your Incapacity; you shall not instruct me. Who are you, thus muffled, you Buzzard?

(*She beats them all, Jobson steals by.*)

Job. I am an honest, plain, Psalm-singing Cobler, Madam; if your Ladyship would but go to Church, you might hear me above all the rest there.

Lady. I'll try thy Voice here first, Villain. (*Strikes him.*)

Job. Nounz! what a Pox, what a Devil ails you?

Lady. O prophane Wretch! wicked Varlet!

Sir John. For shame! your Behaviour is monstrous!

Lady. Was ever poor Lady so miserable in a brutish Husband, as I am? I that am so pious and so religious a Woman!

Job. sings. *He that has the best Wife,*

She's the Plague of his Life,

But for her that will scold and will quarrel. [Exit.]

Lady. O Rogue, Scoundrel, Villain!

Sir John. Remember Modesty

Lady. I'll rout ye all with a Vengeance, I'll spoil your squeaking Treble.

(*Beats the Fiddle about the blind Man's Head.*)

Fid. O Murder, Murder! I am a dark Man, which way shall I get hence! Oh Heaven! she has broke my Fiddle, and undone me and my Wife and Children.

Sir John. Here, poor Fellow, take your Stuff and be gone, there's Money to buy you too such; that's your way.

Fid. Heaven preserve your Worship——b'less you, sweet Master——here's a Change indeed——little did

ever I think to find such Doings in this Hall-Place.

Lady. Methinks you are very liberal, Sir ; must my Estate maintain you in your Profusenefs ?

Sir John. Go up to your Closet, pray, and compose your Mind

Lady. O wicked Man ! to bid me pray.

Sir John. A Man can't be compleatly curs'd, I see without Marriage ; but since there is such a thing as separate Maintenance, she shall To-morrow enjoy the Benefit of it.

A I R. V. Of all Comforts I miscarry'd.

*Of all the States in Life, so various,
Marriage, sure, is most precarious ;
'Tis a Maze so strangely winding,
Still we are new Mazes finding ;
'Tis an Action so severe,
That nought but Death can set us clear ;
Happy's the Man, from Wedlock free,
Why knows to prize his Liberty :
Were Men wary
How they marry,
We should not be half so full of Misery.*

(Knocking at the Door.)

Here, where are my Servants ? Must they be frighted from me ?——Within there——see who knocks.

Lady. Within there——where are my Sluts ? Ye Drabs, ye Queans——Lights there.

Enter Servants, sneaking with Candles.

But. Sir, it is a Doctor that lives ten Miles off ; he practises Physick, and is an Astrologer ; your Worship knows him very well, he is a cunning Man, makes Almanacks, and can help People to their Goods again.

Enter

The Devil to Pay ; Or,

II

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Sir, I humbly beg your Honour's Pardon for this unseasonable Intrusion ; but I am benighted, and 'tis so dark that I can't possibly find my Way home ; and knowing your Worship's Hospitality, desire the Favour to be harboured under your Roof To night.

Lady. Out of my House, you lewd Conjuror, you Magician.

Doct. Here's a Turn ! — here's a Change ! — Well, if I have any Art, you shall smart for this. (*Aside.*

Sir John. You see, Friend, I am not Master of my own House ; therefore to avoid any Uneasiness, go down the Lane about a quarter of a Mile, and you'll see a Cobler's Cottage, stay there a little, and I'll send my Servant to conduct you to a Tenant's House, where you'll be well entertain'd.

Doct. I thank you, Sir, I'm your most humble Servant — But as for your Lady there, she shall this Night feel my Resentment. (*Exit.*

Sir John. Come, Madam, you and I must have some Conference together.

Lady. Yes, I will have a Conference and a Reformation too in this House, or I'll turn it upside down — I will.

SCENE III. *The Cobler's.*

Nell, and the Doctor.

Nell. Pray, Sir, mend your Draught, if you please ; you are very welcome, Sir.

Doct. Thank you heartily, good Woman, and to quite your Civility, I'll tell you your Fortune.

Nell. O, pray do, Sir ; I never had my Fortune told me in my Life.

Doct. Let me behold the Lines of your Face.

Nell. I'm afraid, Sir, 'tis none of the clearest ; I've been about thirty Work all this Day.

Doct. Come, come, 'tis a good Face, be not aſham'd of it, you ſhall ſhew it in greater Places ſuddenly.

Nell. O dear Sir, I ſhall be mightily aſham'd ; want Docity when I come before great Folks.

Doct. You muſt be confident, and fear nothing there is much Happineſs attends you.

Nell. Oh me ! this is a rare Man ; Heaven be thank'd

Doct. To-morrow before Sun-riſe you ſhall be the happieſt Woman in this Country.

Nell. How, by To-morrow ! lack-a-day ! Sir, how can that be ?

Doct. No more ſhall you be troubled with a ſurly Husband, that rails at, and ſtraps you.

Nell. Lud ! how came he to know that ? he muſt be a Conjuror ! Indeed my Husband is ſomewhat rugged and in his Cups will beat me, but it is not much ; he's an honeſt Pains-taking Man, and I let him have his Way. Pray, Sir, take t'other Cup of Ale.

Doct. I thank you— believe me, To-morrow you ſhall be the richeſt Woman i'th' Hundred, and ride in your own Coach.

Nell. O Father ! you jeer me.

Doct. By my Art ! I do not. But mark my Words be confident, and bear all out, or worſe will follow.

Nell. Never fear, Sir, I warrant you— O Gemini a Coach,

A I R VI. Send home my long ſtray'd Eyes.

*My ſwelling Heart now leaps with Joy,
And Riches all my Thoughts employ ;
No more ſhall People call me Nell,
Her Ladyſhip will do as well,
Deck'd in my golden, rich Array,
I'll in my Chariot roll away,
And ſhine at Ring, at Ball, and Play.*

Enter Jobſon.

Job. Where is this Quean ? Here, *Nel* ! What Pox, are you drunk with your Lamb's Wool ?

Nel.

Nell. O Husband! here's the rarest Man — he
as told me my Fortune.

Job. Has he so! and planted my Fortune too, a lusty
pair of Horns upon my Head — Eh! Is't not so?

Doct. Thy Wife is a virtuous Woman, and thou'lt
be happy —

Job. Come out, you hang Dog, you Juggler, you
heating, bamboozling Villain, must I be cuckolded
by such Rogues as you are, Mackmaticians, and Al-
nanack-makers!

Nell. Pr'ythee Peace, Husband, we shall be rich,
and have a Coach of our own.

Job. A Coach! a Cart, a Wheel barrow, you Jade —
by the Mackin, she's drunk, bloody drunk, most con-
foundedly drunk — Get you to Bed, you Strumpet.

(Beats her,

Nell. O Mercy on us! Is this a Taste of my good
fortune?

Doct. You had better not have touch'd her, you,
ruly Rogue.

Job. Out of my House, you Villain, or I'll run my
Awl up to the Handle in your Buttocks.

Doct. Farewel, you paltry Slave.

Job. Get out, you Rogue. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an open country.*

Doctor, solus.

AIR VII. The Spirit's Song, in *Mackbeth's*.

*My little Spirits now appear,
Nadit and Abishop draw near;
The Time is short, make no Delay,
Then quickly haste, and come away:
Nor Moon, nor Stars afford their Light,
But all is wrapt in gloomy Night;
Both Men and Beasts to rest incline,
And all things favour my Design.*

(Within)

The Devil to Pay ; Or,

(Within)

*My strict Commands be sure attend,
For e'er this Night shall have an End,
You must this Cobler's Wife transform,
And to the Knight's the like perform.
With all your most specifick Charms,
Convey each Wife to diff'rent Arms,
Let the Delusion be so strong,
That none may know the Right from Wrong.*

Within

*All this we will with Care perform,
In Thunder, Lightning, and a Storm.* (Thunder

(Exeunt

SCENE changes to the Cobler's House. Jobson a work. The Bed in view.

Job. What Devil has been abroad To-night ? I never heard such Claps of Thunder in my Life. I thought my little Hovel would have flown away ; but now all is clear again, and a fine Star-light Morning it is. I'll settle myself to work. They say, Winter's Thunder is Summer's Wonder.

AIR VIII. Charming Sally.

*Of all the Trades from East to West,
The Cobler's past contending,
Is like in Time to prove the best,
Which every Day is mending.
How great his Praise who can amend
The Soals of all his Neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his End,
But to his last still labours.*

Lady. Heyday ! What impudent Ballad singing Rogue is that, who dares wake me out of my Sleep ? I'll have you head, you Rascal.

Job. What a Pox does she talk in her Sleep ? or is she drunk still ?

(sings. not

In Bath a wanton Wife did dwell, &c.

Lady. Why Villain, Rascal, Screech-owl, who mak-
st a worse Noise than a Dog hung in the Pales, or a
log in a high Wind. Where are all my Servants?
Somebody come and hamstring this Rogue. (*Knocks.*

Job. Why, how now, you brazen Quean! You must
be drunk with the Conjuror, must you? I'll give you
money another time to spend in Lamb's-wool, you
uncy Jade, shall I?

Lady. Monstrous! I can find no Bell to ring.
Where are my Servants? They shall toss him in a
blanket.

Job. Ay, the Jade's asleep still; the Conjuror told
her she should keep her Coach, and she is dreaming of
her Equipage. (*Sings.*

Lady. Why, Husband! Sir *John!* will you suffer
me to be thus insulted?

Job. Husband! Sir *John!* what a pox, has she
frighted me? and my Name's Zekel too; a good Jest,
with.

Lady. Ha! he's gone, he is not in the Bed. Hea-
ven! where am I? Foh! what loathsome Smells are
there? Canvass Sheets, and a filthy ragged Curtain; a
filthy Rug, and a Flock bed. Am I awake, or is it
a Dream? What Rogue is that? Sirrah! Where
is he? Who brought me hither? What Rascal are
you?

Job. This is amazing, I never heard such Words
from her before. If I take my Strap to you, I'll make
you know your Husband. I'll teach you better Man-
ners, you saucy Drab.

Lady. Oh astonishing impudence! You my Husband,
say? I'll have you hang'd you Rogue; I'm a Lady,
and I know who has given me a sleeping Draught,
and convey'd me hither, you dirty varlet?

Job. A sleeping Draught! yes, you drunken Jade,
you had a sleeping Draught with a Pox to you. What
not your Lambs wool done working yet?

Lady.

Lady. Where am I ? where has my villainous Husband put me ? *Lucy ! Lettice !* where are my Quean

Job. Ha, ha, ha ! what does she call her Maids to ? The Conjuror has made her mad as well as drunk.

Lady. He talks of Conjurors ; sure I am bewitched. Ha ! what Cloaths are here ? a Lindsey-woolsey Gown, a Calicoe Hood, a red Bays Petticoat, I am removed from my own House by Witchcraft. What must I do ? What will become of me ? (*Horns wind with*

Job. Hark ! the Hunters and the merry Horns are abroad. Why *Nell*, you lazy Jade, 'tis Break of Day to work, to work, come, and spin, you Drab, or I'll tan your Hide for you : What a-pox, must I be working two Hours before you in a Morning ?

Lady. Why, Sirrah, thou impudent Villain, dost thou not know me, Rogue ?

Job. Know you, yes, I know you well enough, and I'll make you know me before I have done with you.

Lady. I am Sir *John Loverule's* Lady ; how camest thou here ?

Job. Sir *John Loverule's* Lady ! no, *Nell*, not quite so bad naither ; that damn'd, stingy, fanatick *Whore* has plagues every one that comes near her ; the whole Country curses her.

Lady. Nay, then I'll hold no longer ; you Rogue, you insolent Villain, I'll teach you better Manners.

[*Flings Bedstaff and other things at her*]

Job. This is more than I ever saw by her. I never had an ill Word from her before. Come, Strap, try your Mettle ; I'll sober you, I warrant you Quean.

[*He straps her. she flies at him*]

Lady. I'll pull your Throat out ; I'll tear out your Eyes ; I'm a Lady, Sirrah. Oh, Murder ! Murder ! *John Loverule* will hang you for this. Murder ! Murder !

Job. Come Huffy leave fooling, and come to yeste spinning, or else I'll lamb you, you never was so lamm'd since you were an inch long. Take it up, you Jim I o

[*She flings it down, he straps himself*]

Lady. Hold, hold, I'll do any thing.

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Job. Oh! I thought I should bring you to your self

Quear gain.

Lady. What shall I do? I can't spin. (*Aside.*

Job. I'll into my Stall; 'tis broad Day now.

(*Works and sings.*

A I R IX. Come let us prepare.

Let Matters of State

Disquiet the Great,

The Cobler has nought to perplex him;

Has nought but his Wife

To ruffle his Life,

And her he can strap if she vex him.

He's out of the Pow'r

Of Fortune that Whore,

Since low as can be, she has thrust him;

From Duns he's secure,

For being so poor,

There's none to be found that will trust him.

Leyday, I think the Jade's Brain is turn'd. What
have you forgot to spin, Huffy?

Lady. But I have not forgot to run. I'll e'en try
my Feet; I shall find somebody in the Town, sure,
that will succour me. (*She runs out.*

CENE changes to Sir JOHN's House, NELL
in Bed

Nell. What pleasant Dreams I have had To-night!
I thought I was in Paradise, upon a Bed of Violets;
And Rose, and the sweetest Husband by my Side.
! Murder! bless me, where am I now? What Sweets are
there to yee? No Garden in the Spring can equal them; not
so many new blown Roses with the Morning Dew upon them.
Am I on a Bed? The Sheets are Sarsenet sure, no
linnen ever so fine. What a gay filken Robe have I
on? Oh Heaven! I dream! Yet if this be a Dream,

C

I

I would not wish to wake again. Sure I died
Night, and went to Heaven, and this is it.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Now must I wake an Alarm that will not
still again till Mid-night, at soonest ; the first Greeting
I suppose, will be Jade, or Whore. Madam !
dam !

Nell. Oh Gemini ! who's this ? What do'st
Sweet-heart.

Lucy. Sweet-heart ! Oh Lud, Sweet-heart ! the
Names I have had these three Months from her
been Slut, or Whore— What Gown and Ruffles
your Ladyship wear To-day ?

Nell. What does she mean ? Ladyship ! Gown !
Ruffles ! sure I am awake ? Oh ! I remember the
ning Man, now.

Lucy. Did your Ladyship speak ?

Nell. Ay, Child, I'll wear the same I did Yesterday

Lucy. Mercy upon me ! Child ! Here's a Miracle

Enter Lettice.

Let. Is my Lady awake ? Have you had her
or her Slipper flung at your Head yet ?

Lucy. Oh, no, I'm overjoy'd ; she's in the kin
Humour ! go to the Bed and speak to her, now is
Time.

Let. Now's my time ! what, to have another Tea
beat out, Madam !

Nell. What do'st say, my Dear ? — O the Fat
what wou'd she have ?

Let. What Work will your Ladyship be pleas
have done To day ? shall I work Plain-work or
my Stitching ?

Nell. Work, Child ! 'tis Holiday ; no Work To

Let. Oh Mercy ! am I, or she awake ! or do
both Dream ?

Lucy. If it continues, we shall be a happy Family.

Let. Your Ladyship's Chocolate is ready.

Nell. Mercy on me ! what's that ? some Garment, suppose. (*Aside.*) Put it on then, Sweet-heart.

Let. Put it on, Madam ! I have taken it off, 'tis ready to drink.

Nell. I mean, put it by, I don't care for drinking now.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Now I go like a Bear to the Stake, to know her scurvy Ladyship's Command about Dinner. How many rascally Names must I be call'd ?

Let. Oh, *John Cook*, you'll be out of your Wits to ad my Lady in so sweet a Temper.

Cook. What a Devil, are they all made ?

Lucy. Madam, here's the Cook come about Dinner.

Nell. Oh ! there's a fine Cook ! He looks like one your Gentlefolk. (*Aside.*) Indeed, honest Man, I'm hungry now, pray get me a Rasher upon the sals, a piece of one milk Cheefe, and some white ead.

Cook. Hey ! what's to do here ? my Head turns

Sind. Honest Man ! I look'd for Rogue or Rascal. least. She's strangely changed in her Diet, as well

Humour. (*Aside.*) I'm afraid, Madam, Cheefe and

you will sit very heavy on your Ladyship's Stomach, a Morning If you please, Madam, I'll tofs you

her Tea white Fricasee of Chickens in a trice, Madam ; what does your Ladyship think of a Veal Sweet-

he Fathead ?

Nell. E'en what you will, good Cook.

Cook. Good Cook ! good Cook ! Ah ! 'tis a sweet

rk or gdy.

Enter Butler.

rk To
! or do ! kifs me, *Chip*, I am out of my Wits ; we have kindest, sweetest Lady.

But. You shamming Rogue, I think you are out of your Wits, all of ye ; the Maids look merrily too.

Lucy Here's the Butler, Madam, to know your Ladyship's Orders.

Nell. Oh ! pray Mr. Butler, let me have some Strong Beer when my Breakfast comes in

But. Mr. Butler ! Mr. Butler ! I shall be turn'd to Stone with Amazement. (*Aside.*) Would not your Ladyship rather have a Glas of *Frontiniac*, or a *crème* ?

Nell. Oh dear ! what hard Names are there ; I must not betray my self, (*Aside.*) Well, which please, Mr. Butler.

Enter Coachman.

But. Go, get you in, and be rejoiced as I am.

Coach. The Cook has been making his Gammon, I know not how long. What, do you banter too ?

Lucy Madam, the Coachman.

Coach. I come to know if your Ladyship goes To-day, and which you'll have, the Coach or the Chariot.

Nell I'll ride in the Coach, if you please.

Coach. The Sky will fall, that's most certain. (*Exit*)

Nell. I can hardly think I am awake yet. How pleased they all seem to wait upon me, O how cunning Man ! My Head turns round ; I am giddy with my own Happiness.

A I R X. What tho' I am a Country Lass,

Tho' late I was a Cobler's Wife,

In Cottage most obscure a,

In plain Stuff Gown, and short ear'd Coif,

Hard Labour did endure a :

The Scene is chang'd, I'm alter'd quite,

And from poor humble Nell a

I'll learn to dance, to read and write,

And from all bear the Bell a.

Enter Sir John and Gentlemen,

Sir John. How do you like our Sport, Gentlemen?
I think we have had a smart Turn or two. Well.
Hunting is to me the most agreeable Diversion, as well
as the wholesomest Exercise the Country affords.

A I R XI Whilst the Town agrees with *Polly*:

*Hounds and Horns o'er Plains resounding,
Echoes from the Hills rebounding,
Fill the Sportsman's Heart with Joy;
Let, while to the Chase inviting,
Health and Pleasure are uniting,
Fops o'er Tea their Time destroy.*

But. Oh, Sir! here's the rarest News.

Lucy. There never was the like, Sir! you will be
overjoy'd and amaz'd.

Sir John. What, are you mad? What's the matter
with ye?

Enter Coachman, and other Servants.

How now! here's a new Face in my Family; what's
the Meaning of all this?

But. Oh, Sir! the family is turn'd upside down.
We are almost distracted; the happiest People!

Lucy. Ay, my Lady, Sir, my Lady.

Sir John. What, is she dead?

But. Dead! Heaven forbid; O! she's the best of
women, the sweetest Lady!

Sir John. This is astonishing! I must go and enquire
into this Wonder. If this be true, I shall rejoice in-
deed.

But. 'Tis true, Sir, upon my Honour Long live

Sir John and my Lady! Huzza! (Exit Sir John.

Enter.

Enter Nell and Lucy.

Nell. I well remember the cunning Man warn'd me to bear all out with Confidence, or worse, he said I wou'd follow. I am asham'd, and know not what to do with all this Ceremony ; I am amaz'd, and out of my Senses. I look'd in the Glass, and saw a gay face, thing I knew not ; methought my Face was not at all like that I have seen at home in a piece of Looking-glass fasten'd upon the Cupboard. But great Ladies they say, have flattering Glasses, that shew them far unlike themselves, whilst poor Folks Glasses represent them e'en just as they are.

A I R XII. When I was a Dame of Honour.

*Fine Ladies with an artful Grace,
Disguise each native Feature ;
Whilst flattering Glasses shew the Face,
As made by Art, not Nature :
But we, poor Folks, in home spun Grey,
By Patch nor Washes tainted,
Look fresh and sweeter far than they,
That still are finely painted.*

Lucy. O Madam ! here's my Master just returned from Hunting.

Enter Sir John.

Nell. O Gemini ! this good Gentleman my Husband !

Sir John. My Dear, I am overjoy'd to see my Family thus transported with Ecstasy, which you occasion'd.

Nell. Sir, I shall always be proud to do every thing that may give you Delight, and your Family Satisfaction.

Sir John. By Heav'n! I am charm'd; dear Creature, if thou continuest thus, I had rather enjoy thee than the *Indies*. But can this be real? May I believe my Senses?

Nell. All that's good above can witness for me I am earnest. (kneels.

Sir John. Rise my dearest. Now am I happy indeed — Where are my Friends, my Servants? call them all, and let them be Witnesses of my Happiness.

(Exeunt.

Nell. O Lud! how shall I behave myself—Heaven preserve my Wits.

A I R XIII. 'Twas within a Furlong, &c.

Nell. O charming cunning Man! thou hast been won- (drows kind,

And all thy golden Words do now prove true, I find,

Ten thousand Transports wait,

To crown my happy State,

Thus kiss'd, and press'd,

And doubly bless'd

In all this Pomp and State

New Scenes of Joy arise,

Which fill me with Surprise,

My Rock and Reel,

And spinning Wheel,

And Husband I despise;

Then Jobson, now adieu,

Thy Cobbling still pursue.

For hence I will not, cannot, no, nor must not buckle to.

(Exit.

SCENE Jobson's House.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Was ever Lady yet so miserable? I can't make one Soul in the Village acknowledge me; they are all of the Conspiracy. This wicked Husband mine has laid a devilish Plot against me; I must at

pre-

present submit, that I may hereafter have an Opportunity of executing my Design. Here comes the Rogue. I'll have him strangled ; but now I must yield.

Enter Jobson.

Cob. Come on, *Nell*, art thou come to thyself yet?

Lady. Yes, I thank you, I wonder what I ail'd ; a cunning Man has put Powder in my Drink, most certainly.

Cob. Powder ! the Brewer put good store of Powder of Mault in it, that's all. Powder, quoth she ! ha, ha !

Lady. I never was so all the Days of my Life.

Cob. Was so, no, nor I hope ne'er will be so again to put me to the trouble of strapping you so devilish.

Lady. I'll have that right Hand cut off for that Rogue. (*Aside.*) You was unmerciful to bruise me.

Cob. Well, I'm going to Sir *Jon Lowerule's* ; all Tenants are invited ; there's to be rare Feasting Revelling, and open House kept for three Months.

Lady. Husband, shan't I go with you?

Cob. What the Devil ails thee now ? Did I not strike thee but Yesterday, I would strap thee for desiring to go, and art thou at it again, with a Pox ?

Lady. What does the Villain mean by Strapping and Yesterday ?

Cob. Why, I have been marry'd but six Weeks and you long to make me a Cuckold already. Stay at home, and be hang'd, there is good cold Pie in the Cupboard, but I'll trust thee no more with the Beer, Hussy.

Lady. Well, I'll not be long after you ; sure I'll get some of my own Family to know me, they shall be all in this wicked Plot.

AIR XIV. The Beudgion is a fine Trade

*Though ravish'd from my Husband's Arms,
To dwell in Stench and Pain,*

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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*I'll break thro' all their Magic Charms,
And Liberty regain.*

*Then sweet Revenge shall calm my Woes,
And every Grief assuage ;
Whilst all who did my Bliss oppose,
Shall feel my pow'rful Rage.*

(Exit.)

S C E N E Sir John's.

Sir John and Company discover'd.

A I R X V. *Bacchus one Day gayly striding.*

*Thou shalt drown all Melancholy,
In a Glass of gen'rous Wine ;
Let dull Fools indulge their Folly,
And at Cares of Life repine :
But the brave and noble Spirit
Scorns such mean, ignoble Views ;
Whilst the World proclaims his Merit,
He sublimer Joys pursues.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. Here's a fine Rout and Rioting ! You, Sirrah,
varlet, you Rogue.

But. Why, how now ? Who are you ?

Lady. Impudent Varlet ! don't you know your Lady ?

But. Lady ? here, turn this mad Woman out of
doors.

Lady. You Rascal, take that, Sirrah.

(Flings a Glass at him)

Post. Have a Care, Hussy, there's a good Pump
about, we will cool your Courage for you.

Lady. You Lucy, have you forgot me too, you
inx ?

Lady. Forgot you, Woman ; why, I never remem-
ber'd you, I never saw you before in my Life.

D

Lady.

Lady. Oh the wicked Slut ! I'll give you Cause remember me, I will, Hussy. (*Pulls her Headcloaths*)

Lucy. Murder ! Murder ! help !

Sir John. How now ! what Uproar's this ?

Lady. You, *Lettice*, you Slut, won't you know neither ? (*Strikes her*)

Lettice. Help, help——

Sir John. What's to do there ?

But. Why, Sir, here's a mad Woman calls her my Lady, and is beating and cuffing us all round.

Sir John. (*To Lady.*) Thou my Wife ! p or Creature, I pity thee ; I never saw thee before.

Lady. Then it is in vain to expect Redress from thee thou wicked Contriver of all my Misery.

Nell. How am I amaz'd ! Can that be I, then my Cloaths, that have made all this Disturbance ? yet I am here, to my thinking, in these fine Cloaths. How can this be ? I am so confounded and affrighted that I begin to wish I was with *Zekel Jobson* again.

Lady. To whom shall I apply myself, or whither can I fly ? Heaven ! What do I see ? Is not that yonder, in my Gown and Petticoat I wore Yesterday. How can it be ! I cannot be in two Places at once.

Sir John. Poor Wretch ! she's stark mad.

Lady. What, in the Devil's Name, was here before I came ? Let me look in the Glass. Oh Heaven ! I'm astonish'd, I don't know myself ? If this be I, the Glass shews me, I never saw myself before.

Sir John. What incoherent Madness is this ?

Enter Jobson.

Lady. There, that's the Devil in my Likeness, who has robbed me of my Countenance. Is he here to do so ?

Job. Ay, Hussy, and here's my Strap, you Queer fellow.

Nell. O dear ! I'm afraid my Husband will be angry with me, that am on t'other side the Room there.

Job. I hope your Honours will pardon her, she was drinking with a Conjurer last Night, and has been so ever since, and calls her self my Lady *Loverule*.

Sir John. Poor Woman ! take Care of her, do not hurt her, she may be cur'd of this.

Nell. O ! pray Zekel, don't beat me.

Sir John. What says my Love ? Does she infect her with Madnes too ?

Nell. I am not well, pray lead me in ?

(Exeunt Nell and Maid.)

Job. I beseech your Worship don't take it ill of me, she shall never trouble you more.

Sir John. Take her home and use her kindly.

Lady. What will become of me ?

(Exeunt Jobson and Lady.)

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, the Doctor who call'd here last Night, desires you will give him leave to speak a Word or two with you, upon very earnest Business

Sir John. What can this mean ? Bring him in.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Lo ! on my Knees, Sir, I beg Forgiveness for what I have done, and put my Life into your Hands.

Sir John. What mean you ?

Doct. I have exercis'd my magick Art upon your Lady ; I know you have too much Honour to take away my Life, since I might have still conceal'd it, had pleas'd.

Sir John. You have now brought me to a Glimpse of Misery too great to bear. Is all my Happiness then turn'd into Vision only ?

Doct. I beg you, fear not ; if any Harm comes on I freely give you leave to hang me.

Sir John. Inform me what you have done.

Doct. I have transform'd your Lady's Face, so that she seems the Cobler's Wife, and have charm'd her face into the Likeness of my Lady's ; and last Night when the Storm arose, my Spirits convey'd them to each other's Bed.

Sir John. O Wretch! thou hast undone me, I am fallen from the Height of all my Hopes, and must be curs'd with a tempestuous Wife, a Fury whom I never knew quiet since I had her.

Doct. If that be all, I can continue the Charm both their Lives.

Sir John. Let the Event be what it will, I'll ha-
you if you do not end the Charm this instant.

Doct. I will this Minute, Sir; and perhaps you will find it the luckiest of your Life; I can assure you your Lady will prove the better for it.

Sir John. Hold, there's one material Circumstance I'd know.

Doct. Your Pleasure, Sir?

Sir John. Perhaps the Cobbler has — you understand me!

Doct. I do assure you, No; for e'er she was convey'd to his Bed, the Cobbler was got up to work, and he has done nought but beat her ever since, and you are like to reap the Fruits of his Labour. He'll be with you in a Minute: Here he comes.

Enter Jobson.

Sir John. So *Jobson*, where's your Wife?

Job. And please your Worship, she's here at the Door, but indeed I thought I had lost her just now for as she came into the Hall, she fell into such a Swoon, that I thought she would never come out again; but a Tweak or two by the Nose, and half a Dozen Straps did the Business at last. Here, where are you, House-wife?

Enter Lady.

Butler holds up the Candle, but lets it fall when he sees her.

But. O Heaven and Earth! is this my Lady?

Job. What does he say? my Wife chang'd to a Lady!

Jack. Ay, I thought the other was too good for our
must find.

Lady. (to Sir John) Sir, you are the Person I have
not offended, and here confess I have been the
first of Wives in every thing, but that I always kept
myself chaste. If you can vouchsafe once more to take
me to your Bosom, the Remainder of my Days shall
fully be spent in Duty and Observance of your Will.

Sir John. Rise, Madam, I do forgive you; and if
you are sincere in what you say, you'll make me hap-
pier than all the Enjoyments in the World without
you cou'd do.

Job. What a-pox! am I to lose my Wife thus?

Enter Lucy and Lettice.

Lucy. Oh, Sir, the strangest Accident has happen'd,
was amaz'd us; my Lady was in so great a Swoon,
and y thought she had been dead.

He'll let. And when she came to herself, she prov'd an-
other Woman.

Job. Ha, ha, ha! a Bull, a Bull.

Lucy. She is so chang'd, I knew her not; I never
saw her Face before; O Lud! is this my Lady?

Let. We shall be maul'd again.

Lucy. I thought our Happiness was too great to last.

Lady. Fear not, my Servants. It shall hereafter be
my Endeavour to make you happy.

Sir John. Persevere in this Resolution, and we shall
be blest indeed; the other was a false and short-liv'd
one; but this, I hope, will continue for Life.

Lady. May Heaven blast me, if once I alter from
my purpose, or ever contradict your Will again.

Job. Then am I blest, this is a Day of Won-
der indeed.

Enter Nell.

Nell. My Head turns round, I must go home. O
! are you there?

Job.

Job. O Lud! is that fine Lady my Wife? I' g
am afraid to come near her. What can be the me
ing of this?

Sir John. This is a happy Change, and I'll hav
celebrated with all the Joy I proclaim'd for my
short-liv'd Vision.

Lady. To me 'tis the happiest Day I ever knew

Sir John. Here, *Jobson*, take thy fine Wife.

Job. But one Word, Sir — Did not your Wor
make me a Cuckold, under the Rose?

Sir John. No, upon my Honour, nor ever kifs'd
Lips till I came from Hunting; but since she has
a Means of bringing about this happy Change,
give thee five hundred Pounds home with her;
buy a Stock of Leather.

Job. Brave Boys! I'm a Prince, the Prince of
lers. Come hither and kifs me, *Nell*, I'll never
thee more.

Nell. Indeed, *Zekel*, I have been in such a Dr
that I'm quite weary of it. Forsooth, Madam,
you please to take your Cloaths, and let me have
again.

Job. Hold your Tongue, you Fool, they'll
you to go to Church,

Lady. No, thou shalt keep them, and I'll pre
thine as Reliques.

Job. And can your good Ladyship forgive my
ping your Honour so very much?

Lady. Most freely. The Joy of this blessed Ch
sets all things right again.

Sir John. Let us forget every thing that is
and think of nothing now but Joy and Pleasure.

A I R XVI. Hey Boys up go we.

Lady. Let ev'ry Face with Smiles appear,
Be Joy in ev'ry Breast,
Since from a Life of Pain and Care,
We now are truly blest.

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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John. *May no Remembrance of past Time,
Our present Pleasures foil.
Be nought but Mirth and Joy a Crime,
And Sporting all our Toil.*

*I hope you'll give me Leave to speak,
If I may be so bold;
There's nought but the Devil, and this good Strap,
Could ever tame a Scold.*

F I N I S.



ΦT.NZ
McLeish
1945